

Anakin's Fate

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Summary: This is my theory on why and how Anakin turned to the Dark Side. Read it, It's good.

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no money being made of of this, and there will not be. This was written by a Star

>Wars fan for the enjoyment of other Star Wars fans.

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>_____

> Eleven years, Anakin thought, Eleven years since I left home. He was
sitting in a small room in the back of a public ship that was heading for his native

>Tatooine.
 Anakin wore the outfit of a Jedi Knight, and carried his lightsaber

>proudly. Absently fingering its hilt, he watched the distant brown sphere hanging
in space grow larger with each passing minute.

Throwing a few items in a small

>bag he left the room and headed toward the front of the ship, wanting very much
to be back on his native soil.

>
 The hatch opened and the oppressive Tatooine heat slammed into

>Anakin like a giant wave. Even after being away for so long, the heat didn't
bother him, it never had.

> Looking around, his sharp eyes taking in everything, he noted that not
much had changed. Other than everything looking a bit more worn, it was almost

>exactly the same.
 Around him the streets were empty, but that was not unusual in the

>midday heat, so he pushed the thought out of his mind.
 Walking

to the slave quarters that he had spent most of his childhood in,

>he wondered about his friend Kitster, about what he was doing now, and about
what had happened to him. His mind drifted to his old enemy, Sebulba, and he

>figured that he was still involved in the races - and probably still wanted revenge
for that day that Anakin had beaten him.

> Anakin smiled, he had promised that he would return one day, and he
had.

> As he walked the buildings got more and more familiar, and he
recognized Watoo's shop.

> Wonder if old blue wings is still there, he thought absently, and drifted
over in that direction.

> He was. Watoo flew over to him "What do you want?" he demanded
sharply.

> "You don't remember me," he stated bluntly.
 "No, I don't. Now buy something or get out!" Watoo ordered.

> "I just have one question. Did you ever find someone to fix that pod racer
I wrecked?"

> Anakin turned and waked out, leaving Watoo hanging there, suprizied.

> The slave quarters were exactly as Anakin remembered them. He
passed by Jira's fruit stand, and noted with a hint of sadness that she wasn't

>there.
 He passed the courtyard that he had built his racer in,

>
 Climbing into the pod, Anakin jammed the power pack in.

> Around him stood Kitster, Jar Jar, Padme, Qui Gon, and the two
droids. His mother stood at the top of the stairs.

> Anakin flipped the ignition switch and the two Radon Ulzers
caught and roared to life. "It's working! It's working!" he

> screamed as the wind rushed through his hair, and the people
standing around him smiled.

>
 and climbed the stairs. Passing a few doors he opened the one that had

>been his and his mother's. The interior was dark and cool, compared to the
unrelenting sun outside. It almost seemed that it hadn't been occupied in some

>time. Walking through the living room, he stepped into his old bedroom. It was
exactly the same as the day he had left. 3PO sat, still deactivated, on the

>workbench. Impulsively, Anakin pushed the activation switch.

"Greetings, I am C-3PO, human cyborg relations. How may I serve you?"

>3PO asked in his tinny voice.
 "3PO, I'm back."

> The droid stared at him for a minute, trying to figure out who was
standing in front of him. "Master Anakin, is that you?"

> "Yes."
 "Welcome back. How long have you been gone? You look so much

>older. What have you been doing? Where have--" The droid was cut off by
Anakin.

> "Slow down. It's been 11 years."
 "Eleven years? Have I been deactivated that long?" If it was possible for

>a droid to look annoyed, 3PO was doing a good job.
 "I'm sorry I couldn't come back sooner, but I've been busy. Remember

>my dreams from when I was a kid? Well, they're not dreams anymore."
 "Congratulations Master Anakin."

> Anakin smiled. He had missed the droid, and almost wanted to hear it
talk more. "I'll be back soon." he told the droid, and left the room and the slave

>quarters.

> "Anakin? Is that you?" he heard a voice call. Looking around he saw
someone standing behind him.

> "Ame? How are you?"
 She laughed "I'm fine. Wow," she breathed, seeing his lightsaber

>"You're a Jedi."
 "Yes," he smiled "What about you?"

> "I still live with my family, but I work in a cantina," she laughed again.
 Anakin looked at her, "Where's my mother?"

> "I'm sorry," she looked down, not wanting to say more "About a year
after you left Watto decided she was useless and had her killed."

> Anakin didn't say anything. Holding back the tears that threatened to
spill he nodded and turned away.

>
 He couldn't do it. He was crying as he ran back to his mother.

> She hugged him and he whispered "I can't do it." She held him
tight and he asked "Will I ever see you again?" "What does your

> heart tell you?" was her reply. Thinking for a moment he
answered, "Yes, I guess." "Then we will see each other again."

> He promised to come back and free her, and as he was
 gathering the will and turning away she told him "Don't look

> back."

> He hadn't looked back, and had left on the blind hope that he would see
her again. His heart had been wrong, his mother was dead.

> As he was going back to his home, he wondered why no one was living
there, the slave quarters were usually over-crowded.

> 3PO was standing near the doorway when Anakin entered.
 "I'm leaving."

> "Master Anakin, you can't leave," 3PO cut him off.
 "And you're coming with me," he finished.

> "You seem upset," the droid noted bluntly.
 "Don't worry about me."

> "Are we going to be traveling on a starship?" The droid asked, somehow
managing to look nervous.

> "Yes. I'm going to Coursant."
 Yoda had told him once the anger led to hate, and hate led to suffering.

>Well, to him that seemed to be false. He was just suffering.

> Anakin had secured them passage to Coursant using a mind trick. He
knew that it wasn't right, but it was his only choice.

> He and the droid stayed low for the trip, hiding behind the spare
hyperdrive generator. The back cargo hold was full, and that worked to their

>advantage. Just because he'd been able to get them on didn't mean that he'd be
able to keep them thinking that he and the droid belonged.

> The walls around them were thick, and therefore efficient at muffling any
sound, but 3PO could get loud so he sat there deactivated.

> Oh well, he thought. Leaning back he closed his eyes and dozed off.

> The ship docked smoothly and Anakin and the droid were the first ones
off, they hadn't been noticed.

> During the flight he had been doing alot of thinking. He and PadmÃ© were
still very close, and he loved her deeply. They were together quite often, when

>he was on Naboo, and when she was on Coursant. Yes, he knew what he
would do.

> Anakin was so deep in thought that he nearly walked past his door.
Shaking his head he entered the code and walked in. He was halfway across the

>room when he noticed the droid still standing at the door. Laughing to himself he
motioned the droid in.

> Anakin went into his bedroom and lay there, staring at the ceiling. He
had gone back home to free his mother and had found out that she had been

>killed. He hated that place now more than ever. He was angry and upset, and
wanted to lash out at something, but that was the path to the dark side, a path he

>did not want to follow.

> The door chime rang. Anakin stood up and smoothed out his shirt. A
moment later he opened the door.

> "Hello Annie."
 "Hi," he motioned for her to enter "What brings you to Courscant this

>time?" he asked PadmÃ©. She was the only one who still called him by that name,
and at that moment his old nickname touched a sore spot. He didn't say

>anything, not wanting his personal problem to interfere.
 "To be with you, of course," she looked into his eyes.

>
 "Are you an angel?" he asked her as she stood in the shop.

> "What?" she replied, looking at him strangely. "An angel," he
repeated "They live on the moons of iego. You must be one.

> Maybe you just don't know it" "You're a funny little boy. How do
 you know so much?" she smiled at him. "I listen to the spacers

> that come through here. I'm going to marry you someday," he
said suddenly. "You're just a boy," she replied. "But I won't

> always be." he answered quickly. A moment after that she
 was gone.

>
 Anakin managed a smile. It was now or never.

> "PadmÃ©," he was one of the only people that could call her that "The day
I met you I said I was going to marry you," he paused, not sure how to continue

>"I love you very much. Will you marry me?" He took her hands and looked deep
into her brown eyes, not rushing her to answer.

> She waited before answering, thinking.
 "I love you too. Yes. I will."

> They embraced, holding each other for a long time, neither wanting to let
go. Then PadmÃ© spoke.

> "I heard you went back to Tatooine. How did it go?"
 "Almost everything was the same, but..." he trailed off.

> "But what?" she prodded gently.
 "My life there is gone. Watoo decided that my mother was useless and

>had her killed."
 A look of sadness and horror crossed her face. "I'm so sorry. When?"

> "About year after I left," standing up he quickly changed the subject
"Let's go out. Any new restaurants that are good?"

> "I don't know. Let's just walk around, maybe we'll find something," she
put an arm around him and they left.

>
 Something was calling him. He didn't know what it was, or why it was

>calling him. It was a distant voice, a distant whisper that teased his ears and
made him want to hear more.

> It was offering him power. taking advantage of the conflicting emotions
inside of him, but he would resist - he must resist.

> Next to him PadmÃ© was calling his name. He looked at her blankly.
 "Annie? You ok?"

> "Sure. I'm fine," he couldn't shake the strange feeling. PadmÃ© looked like
she didn't believe him, and voiced her concern. Anakin once again reassured

>her and they continued walking. Neither of them said anything.

Entering a plaza they headed for a small eating establishment situated
>on the far side.
 "What does this place have?" PadmÃ© asked.
> "I don't know, but we'll find out soon enough.

> The interior was well lit and smelled - to them - very good.
Picking their
way through the crowd they found a table n the middle. A humanoid waiter came
>over to them and handed them menus. After he left them they found themselves
unable to read them.
> "Your guess is as good as mine," PadmÃ© joked.
 When the waiter came back they picked random items, and they were
>soon staring at plates holding weird looking food.
 PadmÃ© picked at hers "When do we want the marriage?"
> "I haven't thought about a date yet. Maybe six months, give us time to
get ready," he stabbed at a glob on his plate, and it burst, splattering him.
> PadmÃ© laughed and handed him her napkin, "Six months seems about
right. Let's get out of here."
> Anakin threw some credits on the table. Leaving, they wandered around
part of the city and ended up at PadmÃ©'s. The interior was warm and plush.
>They talked and made plans.

> When Anakin left the next morning, it was calling him again. It could see
inside of him, through him. He was happy on the outside, but still upset and
>angry underneath.

>--7 Months Later--

> Anakin and PadmÃ© sat together in her rooms in the Naboo Palace.
 The Naboo hadn't fought anymore since the battle 11 years prior which
>had very nearly destroyed hem. The Naboo and the Gungans still lived together
in peaceful coexistence.
> Anakin had been keeping many things from his new wife. He had never
told her about the callings of darkness - he didn't think it was necessary,
>because he thought he would be able to resist. But, about four months before,
he had given in, and started learning the ways of the Dark Side. Because he was
>on Naboo, no one but him knew.
 When he had left Courscant, the big news was Senator Palpatine
>declaring himself Emperor. This had shaken PadmÃ© badly, she had trusted that
man. Anakin had been sympathetic, and would have been more so, but he had
>been too preoccupied to pay as much attention to it as he should have.
 His outlook on everything had changed. He would never admit it to
>PadmÃ©, he would barely admit it to himself, but he was beginning to support
Palpatine in his quest for power.
> "Annie," PadmÃ© nudged his arm.
 "Sorry. I was thinking," well, he had been.
> "About what?"
 "The past, the future. About what's going to happen to all of us."
> "The future will reveal itself in time," she said quietly "The present is at
our control, and if we work it right, we'll have alot to look forward to."
> Anakin nodded "The future can change though, no matter how well the
present is controlled," he took a breath "What are you going to do about
>Palpatine?"
 "I don't know. What I do want to know is why."
> Before he could say anything her comlink buzzed. She stood up

"I'm
sorry, I'll try to be back as soon as possible."
> He kissed her "I'll be waiting." just not here, he added to himself. Waiting
a few minutes he left the room.
>
 The main plaza in Theed was crowded. His wedding with PadmÃ© had
>been highly publicized, and he noticed a few people looking in his direction,
probably wondering what their queen had seen in him.

> A large group blocked the road ahead. There was no way around.
Curious, Anakin walked up next to a woman that was standing near the back.
> "What's going on?" he whispered to her.
 She looked at him, "Palpatine has come back here. Rumor has it that he
>is looking for a partner. Queen Amidala is going to try and stop him," she turned,
once again trying to peer through the crowd.
> Anakin muttered thanks, and worked his way through the crowd. He
didn't really want to stay, PadmÃ© would probably tell him later.
> Then he changed his mind. It would be more interesting to see it first
hand. Suddenly the crowd compacted to one side of the street. Being near the
>front, Anakin could easily see what was happening.
 Two speeders were coming down the street, the first carrying PadmÃ©. As
>it passed she glanced at him and looked away. The second held the newly
declared Emperor. He was scanning the crowd, and his eyes fell on Anakin.
>They held eye contact for as long as was possible, then Anakin saw the man
speaking into a comlink.
> "We will watch your career with great interest," the words came back to
haunt Anakin. What had he meant when he said that. At the time Anakin didn't
>pay any attention to it - he had been just a boy, and was too excited about other
things. Now, though, he wondered. Shrugging it off he left the crowd to return to
>the palace. He had been going somewhere, but now he didn't recall where.

> When he was about halfway back, a man that he didn't recognize
walked up to him. Anakin was sure that he had never seen him before, he was
>excellent at remembering faces, and had never seen this plain featured person
before.
> "The Emperor wants to see you immediately," he said, bidding Anakin to
follow.
> "Who are you?" Anakin asked, but the man was already leaving. I hope I
don't regret this, he thought, and began following.
> They ended up about a kilometer away where a speeder was waiting.

 "Where are we going?" Anakin tried to get anything out of the man, but
>he was too well shielded.
 "You'll see when we get there."
> Anakin didn't sense any danger from the man, so he got in the back.
Keeping his senses open as they left, he wondered if he was doing the right
>thing.
 The speeder was on auto pilot, so there was nothing he could get from
>the driver - if he could get to the computer he would be able to find out, but the
man was armed, and he wouldn't be able to protect himself from a blaster at
>close range. Leaning back, he waited.
 The speeder jolted to a stop. Anakin climbed out and saw that they were
>on the outskirts of the city, almost directly underneath a rather

large ship. The
man shoved him in the back with his blaster, and they entered the ship.

> The interior was done in wooden paneling and black metal, an odd
combination, but skillfully combined.

> Anakin was led into a lounge where he waited. It was also done in that
odd combination of wood and metal - including the table and chairs.

> He waited there for quite along time. Over the years he had learned patience, but now it was wearing thin. He

>had been in this room for hours, and was thinking of just getting up and leaving
when the door hissed opened. Assuming a relaxed position he fingered his

>lightsaber. Two people stood in the doorway. They talked quietly, and one left -

>apparently satisfied. The other entered the room where he sat. It was Palpatine. Over the

>years his appearance had changed much. He now concealed himself in dark
robes, his face hidden from all. They stared at each other, eye to eye in a

>nonwavering gaze. Anakin knew what he wanted. "We will watch your career with great

>interest," the words haunted him again. Except this time he knew their meaning.
Palpatine wanted him as, not a partner exactly, more of a subordinate who would

>do his bidding. Below him the ship shuddered in takeoff. Anakin broke the stare.
His fate was sealed. They both knew that.

> Palpatine left the room, and that man entered. "Follow me," was all he said.

> Anakin followed him out of the room and through many hallways before
finally ending up at where he was to stay.

> The room was large, furnished in the same style as the rest of the ship,
and had an impressive view of space. Anakin noticed a computer terminal in the

>corner and logged on, noting that he had access to everything. The first thing he
did was learn that they were going to the fiery world of Abadan. He had never

>heard of it, but that didn't matter.

> Abadan was hotter than Tatooine. That was the first thing he noticed
when he left the ship.

> Anakin had nothing he was supposed to do, so he roamed. Leaving the
spaceport behind he headed toward the center of town.

> The town looked like it was new, probably constructed when some rare
mineral or gas was found, not meant to stay for very long. Like most, it would

>probably be gone in a matter of years, after the greedy population sucked up all
of the wealth.

> Deciding there was nothing in the town that was worthwhile he began
heading back toward the ship, this time skirting the town. It was still early, so he

>walked slowly, opening his senses to everything around him. Then he sensed someone approaching. Turning around, he saw who it

>was and called out, "What are you doing here?" "I was sent here to help settle some disputes," his former master called

>back "Why are you?" Anakin slowed his pace "The ship I was on landed here, and I felt like

>doing some exploring." "The council was right. You wouldn't be here if I hadn't promised

>Qui-Gon I would train you. You've always had too much anger in you. Qui-Gon
never saw it, but I did. My opinion wasn't enough to

change his."

> Anakin smiled thinly "He also said I'd never be a problem,"

Anakin
brought out his lightsaber and extended the blue blade.

> Anakin watched as his former master extended his blade "He's still using
Qui-Gon's" Anakin thought.

> Anakin struck first. His blow was easily blocked. He struck again, to the
same result.

> They fought, moving out into the desolate, volcano riddled plains. They
were both excellent swordsmen, their skill levels about the same.

> Anakin jumped over a cluster of rocks, and jabbed upward, expecting his
opponent to follow. He did, but sensed the upward thrust, and leapt sideways

>away from it.
Neither of them spoke, the silence around them being broken by the

>hum and crash of the two glowing blades.
Anakin was the aggressor, leading the battle. Then they were on equal

>terms, and ended up on the rim of a lava pit. Both men were sweating, and tiring.
Anakin jumped to dodge a blow, and in the process slipped on the

>landing. Swinging one last time he dislodged his opponents lightsaber, and went
flying into the pit of molten rock, left for dead.

>
--29 Years Later--

>
Darth Vader strode down the hall of the Tantive IV. He now wore full

>body armor, the only thing keeping him alive.
He had destroyed the Jedi at the Emperors command, as they were a

>threat to them.
Now his mission was to destroy the Rebel Alliance, and standing here,

>before their leader, he felt it would be an easy job.

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End
file.